or three years later to the Juliet of Mary Anderson, he attacked th? part with a good deal of fire. He was yotmsr, truly, and stamped his foot a ^reat deal, wa> vehement and passionate. But it was so obvious that there was no intelligence behind hi- reading. He did not know what the part was about, and all the feer shades of meaning in it he missed. Yet the majority, with my political friend, would always prefer a Terr:?? a? Romeo to a Henry Irving.

I am not groin? to say th^t Henry's Romeo was good. What I do say is that sorrw l»its of it were as good as anything he ever did. In the bizj emotional scene (in the Friar's cell), he came to grief precisely as lie had done in Othello. He screamed, grew slower and slower, and looked older and older. When I begin to think it over I see that he often failed in such scenes through his very genius for impersonation. An actor of commoner mould takes such scenes rhetorically—recites them, and gets through them with some success, But the actor who impersonates, feels, and lives such, anguish or passion or tempestuous grief, does for the moment in imagination nearly die. Imagination impeded Henry Irving in what are known as " strong " scenes*

He was a perfect Hamlet, a perfect Richard III., a perfect Shylock, except in the scene with Tuhal. where I think his voice failed him. He was an imperfect Rorneo ; yet, as I have said, he did things in the part which were equal to the best of his perfect Hamlet.

His whole attitude before he met Juliet was beautiful. He came on from the very back of the stage

and walked over a little bridge with a hook in his hand, sighing and dying for Rosaline. In lago he had been Italian. Then it was the Italy of Venice, As Romeo it was the Italy of Tuscany. His clothes were as Florentine as his bearing. He ignored the silly tradition that Romeo must wear a